Monarch of the Maze

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Monarch of the Maze

by extremelyperturbed

Summary

The story is a riff on this request http://hannibalkink.dreamwidth.org/4963.html?thread=8231523#cmt8231523 asking for a "Labyrinth AU where Hannibal is the Goblin King and Will is in the place of Sarah."

The rest of the request is at the link. I will include some parts of the request and not others though it will be darker in tone as requested. Labyrinth is the Jim Henson movie which stars David Bowie as a Goblin King who listens to a teenage girl's wish that her cranky baby brother be snatched up by goblins and her quest to get him back.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Chapter 1

“So, what is he like?”

Sitting at the opposite end of her couch, Molly Foster looked at her new friend and neighbor Alana Bloom. “He’s actually quite sweet. He’s not a ‘people person’ but he’s been nothing but nice to both me and Wally. I thought you’d know him better. I’ve just moved in a few months ago while you . . .”

“He’s a bit of a recluse. He walks his dogs, goes to the local grocery store and then back he goes inside the house. It makes people wonder what he‘s hiding.”

Molly smiled. “Just because he wrote the Labyrinth series doesn’t mean that he’s a dark soul with a secret dungeon. I can only imagine what people think about Stephen King.”

“What did you talk about?”

“We first started talking when one of his dogs got into my yard. He was very apologetic. He found out that I had a couple puppies myself and he started to preach to me about the virtues of making one’s dog food from scratch.”

“That sounds a bit extreme. I thought dogs ate anything.”

“He pointed out that a lot of commercial dog food has a lot of grain in it which doesn’t do them any good. He also claims that feeding an all-meat diet helps keep the amount of waste low. They’re lovely dogs so I can’t really argue about the results.”

“Have you introduced him to Wally?”

“Wally knows who he is and they‘ve said hi to each other but nothing formal. Besides, I‘ve only had a cup of coffee and a muffin with him.”

***

Wally looked at the book he had picked up at the library, Monarch of the Maze by Will Graham. The cover showed a monster with dark skin and antlers who was menacing a boy a little older than him. He opened it up and read the inside dust jacket. It described the story of a young teenage girl named Abigail who bewailed her plight as a social pariah and had wished to be taken away to a place where she would be welcome as she was. Unfortunately for her, the king of the goblins had heard her plea, whisked her way to his kingdom. However, a friend of hers, a boy her age named Adam, managed to find the way to the kingdom and had to rescue her before she turned into one of them.

After he finished dinner and his homework, he pulled out the book and began reading it. It was a well-written story but one that was very disturbing and full of gruesome imagery. There was the goblin who grew mushrooms that either gave one psychedelic visions or put one into a dreamless sleep while the ingested mushrooms took root within one’s body and grew outwards. There was the goblin that reminded one of an angel who used fire as a

weapon. Not only did the hero of the story have to avoid being killed by goblins, he had to traverse a maze to reach the palace in its center.

He was a third of the way into the book when he heard a knock at his door. “Wally, it’s time to take a bath and go to sleep,” said Molly.

“OK,” he said before putting a bookmark between the pages.

***

Will was about to fill a cooler full of beer and snacks and ice packs for an afternoon of fishing only to have the phone ring. He let the answering machine pick it up then heard Jack’s voice say, “Will, I know you’re there.”

Will sighed and picked it up. “Hi, Jack.” His agent was a damn good one but he was extremely aggressive about demanding new material despite Will having already written several best sellers.

“I’ve got some great news for you. The studio has finally moved the movie based on Monarch of the Maze out of development hell and they have a lead actor and a director attached to it.”

“That’s good,’ said Will. He briefly hoped that it would lessen Jack’s obsession with getting more material. He was to be sadly disappointed.

“Nowadays, they don’t just want a trilogy. They want spin-offs and an expanded universe.”

“Jack . . . I am never going to be Terry Pratchett,” said Will, referring to an author who had written a series that spanned forty-one novels.

“You don’t have to write about the Labyrinth. I’d even take another crime novel about Nigel,” said Jack, referring to the obsessive and violent European criminal that was featured in a separate book. It was not as popular as the Labyrinth series but had it sown cult following.

“That’s more likely than another Labyrinth verse story,” said Will. Only he knew how entangled his mind would get while writing about that place. Writing a novel about Nigel was at least rooted in the real world and was about something that didn’t unsettle him.

“Excellent,” said Jack. “I’ll be sure to forward you the paperwork.”

After Will hung up, the door bell rang. Irritated, he softly walked to the door so nobody outside could hear him coming. He peeked through the peephole and was pleasantly surprised to see his new neighbor. He opened the door. “Um, hi, Molly,” he said, feeling a bit unsure about how to proceed. Even when he used to talk to people more, he was never as suave as he wanted to be.

“I was wondering if you would like to walk our dogs together,” she said, holding the leashes to her two mutts.

Will smiled. “I’d like that.”

***

As she attached the leash to the dogs' collars, Molly said, "I'm going out to walk the dogs with Will. Are you going to be all right?"

Wally rolled his eyes. "Yeah, mom, I'll be fine."

Molly stood up and looked at her son with a skeptical eye. "If it bothered you, you'd tell me, right?"

"Yeah," said Wally. It did bother him a bit but since he didn't have a real reason to object, he decided to keep quiet about it. It wasn't like Will was a deadbeat who thought that a professional baseball player's widow must be a millionaire or someone who was constantly running down women in general.

"I'll be back in a couple hours."

"Sure."

Once she left the house, Wally went back to his room. He sat at his desk, picked up the book and started reading about Adam's journey towards the maze's center.

Along the way, Adam picked up a few allies. Once at the palace, Hannibal, instead of trying to kill him outright, appeared before him in a handsome human form, declaring that his bravery and uniqueness in reaching the palace had impressed him and told Adam that he could make his wishes come true if only he would serve him. Adam refused and in a fit of pique, the king of the goblins slashed his belly and banished him back to the human world without the friend he had tried so hard to save.

Wally scowled at the ending. He had rather hoped that after going through all that, Adam would've been able to save Abigail or at least kill the Monarch in revenge.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

He got on the computer and decided to see if the next novel in the series was just as frustrating. He searched by typing “Will Graham novel” into the search engine because he couldn’t remember the name of the second book. As he looked at the search engine results, something caught his eye. It was a link on a website called TattleCrime. He clicked on the link and began reading . . .

***

“Why did we move from Oregon?” said Wally as he sat opposite his mom at the dining table.

Molly was about to bite into her blueberry muffin but put it down. It was Saturday after Wally’s first week of school. “I consider Florida home. I thought you did too. Besides I . . .” She paused because she didn’t want to say too much about her differences with his paternal grandparents. Wally’s father was their only son and they had built a shrine to him in their home. She wasn’t sure that was a healthy environment for Wally. “A friend suggested this place. She said it was peaceful. Why? Are you having trouble at school?”

“Not trouble. It’s more like I don’t really know anybody here.”

“It takes a while to know people. You’re pretty good at soccer. There’s probably a Little League I could sign you up for if you like.”

Wally shrugged then went back to eating cereal.

Molly sighed to herself. This was one of those times she really missed his father. He always knew how to get Wally to open up to him. Wally was becoming a teenager and she knew that it would be extremely tough time. She briefly wondered if Will could help her talk to him. Will had mentioned that he had been raised by a single father, who seemed to have just a fondness of boats and mechanical tinkering in common with him. However, she did not want to burden Will with a responsibility that he had not asked for.

“Do you like Will?” said Wally.

“He’s a nice man.”

“That’s not what I mean.”

“As I said, he’s a nice guy. I’m not in a hurry to get into anything serious. I’ve told him that and unlike a lot of other men, he respects that.” Molly was telling the truth but it still felt embarrassing to talk about the possibility of romantic relationships with men other than his father.

“Oh.”

“You don’t like him?”

Wally shrugged his shoulders. “He’s OK, I guess.”

Molly was unsure of how to reply to that and instead bit into her muffin.

***

Wally was on the school bus home when his cell phone rang. “Hello?”

“Wally, it’s me.”

“Mom?” Wally was worried because she wasn’t the type to call unless there was something important.

“I feel really sick so I’m having Will drive me to the hospital. I’m having Tammie close up the dress shop for me. If it’s something I have to stay overnight for, I don’t want you to stay at home alone. Do you mind staying at Will’s house or maybe Alana’s . . .”

“I guess I could stay at his house,” said Wally. It wasn’t like he wanted to but he didn’t want to worry her. And he didn’t know Alana as well as he did Will.

“I’ll come for you the second I get discharged, all right.”

“Sure. Mom?”

“Yes, honey.”

“I’ll take care of the dogs.”

“That’s good, Wally.”

***

Wally was doing his homework, waiting for Will to show up. His cellphone rang. He said, “Hello?”

“I’m on my way to your house right now. We went to the emergency room,” said Will without preamble. “It turns out your mom has appendicitis and she’s currently undergoing surgery to remove it. After surgery, they’re going to keep her overnight before sending her back home with painkillers and antibiotics. She’s not going to be a hundred percent for a few days but she’s going to be good otherwise.”

Wally sighed in relief. “She’s coming home tomorrow?”

“Yeah, she’s going to be fine. I told her I’d pick her up once she calls me from her hospital room. She asked me to have you over for the night. I don’t really have a guest room but my couch is new if you don’t mind. My dogs are pretty friendly so you won’t have to worry about them barking at you. I was thinking of making some chili but if you don’t like it, I can always call in for Chinese or pizza.”

“Chili’s good,” said Wally. “I want to ask you something.”

“Go on.”

“I found out that you were in a mental hospital for half a year.”

The silence was so long that Wally wondered if something had gone wrong with his phone but finally Will said, “Yes, that’s true. When I was a little older than you, a friend of mine died. I was pretty convinced for a while I could bring her back to life. They thought I was putting my own life in danger so they sent me there.”

“Does my mom know about this?”

“I haven’t volunteered the information but if she were to ask me about it, I wouldn’t lie. It’s just not something you start off with as an introduction. If you want to tell her before I do, I can‘t really stop you. But I‘d really like you to do me the courtesy of listening to what happened instead of just reading an article on some tabloid site and believing everything they say.”

“Fine,” said Wally before hanging up.

He scowled. I wish that I didn’t have to hang out with this crazy weirdo. Why did mom pick him as her new friend, he thought. He never minded when she picked up strange dogs but he was really not liking her extending her kindness to strange people. Today had been a bad day at school with the two friends he had made both home sick and knowing that he had done poorly on a history test. Now his mom was sick and he’d have to spend the night in the house of a creepy guy that his mom was seeing. And he missed his father and his grandparents.

He tried to concentrate on his homework but he was tired of looking at facts and figures that he just did not give a damn about. “I’m so sick of this!” he said out loud. “I wish that I didn’t have to deal with this shit any more. I hate being a kid! I wish that I could just leave and do what I want.”

The door blew open and a man appeared, wearing a black leather jacket and pants. The man was imposing with broad shoulders and an angular face that smiled in a way that didn’t reach his eyes. “If that is what you truly wish, I can make your wishes come true,” he said with an accent that was unfamiliar to him.

Wally gasped and stepped away from the man when he heard Will in the distance scream, “Get away from him! Run!”

Wally was about to do as Will yelled but everything went black.

Chapter End Notes

This chapter is pretty Wally-heavy but the future chapters will be more Will and Hannibal centric though Wally will be the person Hannibal talks to about his past with Will. I figure that only a truly deeply felt wish would be able to conjure up someone like

Hannibal. The fact that Wally is connected with Will also made it much more likely for Hannibal to appear. I also wanted to explain Wally's circumstances so people wouldn't be thinking "Die, asshole, die!" when he accidentally conjures Hannibal up.

As you remember, Freddie Lounds always saw Will as grist for her particular mill and I don't see that changing no matter what AU she ends up in. The particular incident will be more fully expanded on in a future chapter.

Per Red Dragon, Molly's in-laws live in Oregon. I found it interesting she lived across the country from them and since I can't recall any mention of Wally have aunts and uncles, I figured that losing their only son made any problems between them and their daughter-in-law worse.

Yes, Wally is basically "Tobey" in this story instead of Sarah. I chose Wally (TV name) rather than Willy (book name) to keep confusion to a minimum.

I think Wally's (poor) reaction to the revelation Will had spent time in a mental institution (in this AU, it's not because he's being accused of multiple crimes) is pretty canon.

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

By the time Will got inside the house, Wally was gone. However, Hannibal was still there, toying with a small crystal ball in one hand. “There is no way he could have summoned you,” said Will. “He did not summon you by name or title.”

“It was the sincerity of his wishes that brought me here. He wanted an escape from his life and I have come to his rescue. I’m sorry that you now have the unenviable task of telling his mother that her son is gone forever.”

“Not if I get him back.”

Hannibal smiled in a mocking way. “You failed once. You are sure to fail again. You should know the boy was not in favor of your relationship with his mother.”

“That doesn’t matter,” said Will.

Hannibal waved his hand and they were both standing at the edge of the Goblin Kingdom. There was a maze that covered the land with a palace in its distant center. “Go back, Will. I could even make it so that nobody will think you had anything to do with his disappearance. You could have Molly‘s undivided attention and create a new family. That‘s your dream, isn‘t it.”

“You know what my answer to that is.”

“Will?”

“What?”

“It has been good to see you again.”

“I can’t say the same.”

Hannibal disappeared, leaving Will alone.

***

Wally opened his eyes to find himself in bed in a room he did not recognize. There was a girl a few years older than him sitting next to the bed in a chair. She had long brown hair and blue eyes. She was wearing a purple sweater, jeans and a scarf that was a mixture of red and orange. “Where . . .”

“You’re in Hannibal’s guest room,” she said.

“Hannibal?” Wally was reminded of the name of the character in Will’s book.

“What’s your name?”

“My name is Wally.”

“I’m Abigail,” said the girl.

“Abigail?” Wally remembered that the name of the girl stolen by the Goblin King was also named Abigail and was the name of the girl mentioned in the article he had read about Will. He was beginning to wonder if he had lost his mind.

“Old fashioned name, huh? Now come with me . . .”

***

Will was walking towards the entrance of the maze when he heard the sound of hoof beats. He looked in the distance and saw a centaur running towards him with a spear in his hand.

“Stop,” said the centaur. The horse part of him was a light tan color. The human part was of a white man with dark hair with a face with dead dark eyes and an expression that exuded smarminess.

“I need to enter the maze,” said Will.

“I don’t care what you need. You aren’t allowed. On the other hand, I’m allowed to kill any and all intruders.”

Will whistled sharply and he was instantly surrounded by seven dogs the size of Great Danes and resembling dire wolves in build. The centaur threw his spear at Will only to have it caught by one of the dogs and snapped into two pieces. The smug look on the centaur’s face was quickly extinguished as he was surrounded by the dogs who immediately began biting and trying to pull him down. He started screaming in terror and tried kicking them. The dogs, however, avoided the blows of his hooves and instead began concentrating their attack on the softer and more vulnerable human half of his body.

“Open the door while you still can,” said Will.

***

Hannibal smiled at the images shown to him by the crystal ball he had enlarged. “Are you not entertained?” he said, turning to his new companion who was sitting on the couch next to him. He enjoyed the shocked and disturbed look on Wally’s face, partly out of jealous sadism and partly amusement at how the boy was reacting to Will’s ruthlessness.

“Where did those dogs come from?” said Wally.

“Have you ever heard of prana?” When he saw Wally shake his head, Hannibal continued, “It is a Sanskrit word for life force or life energy. Those dogs aren’t really dogs. They’re a manifestation of life force which Will has crafted into forms that not only defend themselves and him but are spell conduits. This is very high level magic. No mere mortal should be able to hold sway over a pack that large and powerful.” Hannibal knew that Will’s mother had

disappeared soon after his birth. He could not help but wonder if she had been a faerie or an elf sent into exile who abandoned her half human child in order to rejoin her own kind.

They watched as Will called for his pack to back away from the wounded centaur lying on the ground. He saw Will put his hand on the horse part of the centaur and it disappeared, leaving a bleeding naked man. Will held a small glowing marble.

“What, what is he doing?” said Wally.

“He’s taking Clark’s prana. Now Clark won’t be in any condition to attack him and it increases the energy level of his dogs.” He watched as Will took the small glowing marble and turned it into a key which opened the door.

“You seem happy that he won that fight.”

“Aren’t you?”

“I actually want him to win. You don‘t.”

Hannibal merely smiled because he knew that boy would not understand.

***

Will walked through the door and saw that the walls of the maze seemed to go on forever in each direction. He knew that going either way without knowing where they led would not help him get any closer to the castle. If I’m going to get to Wally, I need someone who knows his way around. He snapped his fingers so all his dogs disappeared except for Winston. Will got to his knees. “Ok, boy, go fetch!”

Winston sniffed the air and ran down one part of the maze. After a few minutes, he came back holding something in his mouth that was cursing and writhing in indignation.

“Let go of me you filthy mutt. Spit me out!”

Will smiled for the first time he came to this place. “Good boy, Winston.”

Chapter End Notes

Clark is indeed Clark Ingram who killed multiple women and tried to frame his client Peter Bernardone. Since he was inside a horse canonically, I thought making him part horse suited him.

Various other serial killers will appear in the story as well.

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Winston dropped who he had found. It appeared to be a rather large weasel. “Ugh, I’m dripping with drool,” it said, scowling. It was wearing a smart brown suit and was carrying a cane.

“My name is Will Graham,” said Will. “I’m sorry but I need your help to navigate this maze to get to the palace in the center.”

The over-sized weasel sniffed at him and said, “Why should I? What do you have that I’d want?”

“Is there anything in particular that you’d like?” said Will. “I might be able to get it for you.”

The weasel scowled. “I don’t think you have anything I want.”

“I have enough magic to do a lot of things.”

The weasel scowled then said, “Once I was a man just like you’re a man. I was very important. I was head administrator of the Baltimore State Hospital for the Criminally Insane. Unfortunately, one of the patients attacked me, gutted me like a fish and made it so that I could eat only soft vegetables. Not only that but I was shot in the face by another patient who blamed me for a crime of which I was innocent. Then while I was helping track down a serial killer, the murderer kidnapped and burned me. I was a mess!”

“So you called on Hannibal to save you from an intolerable situation.”

“I can eat what I like and I’m no longer in pain but he turned me into a big weasel!” he said.

“I can turn you back to a man.”

“You’re just saying that.”

From the giant dog he was, Winston shrank and morphed into a regular sized golden retriever mix. He wagged his tail.

“I can do that,” said Will. “I think I can do the same for you. I still don’t know your name.”

“It’s Frederick Chilton.”

***
“Who’s Abigail?” said Wally to Hannibal. “Is she someone like me, waiting for someone to rescue her?”

“Why do you say that?” Hannibal narrowed his eyes at him.

Wally had a gut feeling not to mention Will's books nor the article he had read. He looked around before saying, "You two are the only people. Everybody else looks different . . ." What he said was true. Everybody else looked like animals, animal hybrids or distorted version of humans. Nobody but Abigail and Hannibal looked truly human.

Hannibal widened his eyes slightly in surprise. "Very observant of you. She is like a daughter to me. She will not be rescued any time soon."

"Why did you make Chilton into a weasel?"

"I like to make people's outsides reflect their inside. I like to bring forth their inner beauty." Hannibal seemed like he wanted to laugh. "You're afraid that I will turn you into something."

"Yes."

"I won't, at least not yet. Abigail has taken a liking to the idea of having someone other than me to talk to and besides, I haven't figured out what I should turn you into."

Wally couldn't help but shrink from him.

"Don't tease him," Abigail said. "Come sit next to me."

Abigail took his hand and took him to the other side of the room from Hannibal. Once she saw that Hannibal was busy watching his crystal ball, she said, "Whatever you do, don't be rude. Don't show fear. And don't get angry."

"I want to go home. My mom needs me. She's in the hospital. She . . . I shouldn't be here," said Wally, hoping to win her sympathy.

Abigail was quiet for a second before saying, "There's nothing you can do to make him send you home right now. All you can do is wait but don't worry . . . I'll make sure you're OK."

"You can't do magic?"

Abigail shook her head no.

Wally sighed.

***

"There is a train that will take you very close to the castle," said Chilton as he sat on the back of Winston, who Will had increased in size and strength to be able to be ridden by Chilton like a horse.

"A train? I don't remember that being here the last time I was here."

"You were here before?"

"Once a long time ago . . ."

“Why exactly do you want to go to the castle?” said Chilton.

“I’m going to rescue a friend of mine and kill Hannibal.”

Chilton looked very alarmed at hearing that. “Oh, you better leave me out of that.”

“You don’t have to help me kill him. Just lead me to the castle. I’m not asking you to risk your life.”

“When and I mean when you fail, who do you think he’s going to turn his wrath towards?” whimpered Chilton.

“I can’t force you to come with me.”

“But you won’t change me back into a man if I don’t show you the way.”

“Right.”

“Damn,” said Chilton.

They went this way and that through the maze until they ended up in large room with what appeared to be dozens of corpses in a circle. They appeared to range from a very pale white all the way to a very dark brown-black. “What is this?” said Will.

“I don’t know. It wasn’t here before,” said Chilton, rather frightened. “Do you know what this is?”

“I think I do . . .It’s a riddle of some kind.”

“Yes, it’s a riddle!”

Will and Chilton turned to see Hannibal standing close by. Chilton jumped off Winston and hid behind Will.

“I can still see you, Chilton,” said Hannibal. “Are you siding with him against me?”

The weasel said, “No . . . no, I’m just taking him to so you can deal with him.”

Will scowled at his companion’s cowardice but it wasn’t like he had a large number of allies from which to choose from.

Hannibal said, “One of the goblin artists made this for me. I appreciate art, especially one that is so full of profound meaning. Tell me, Will, what it is. If I am impressed by your insight, I will let you go to the next step in your journey.”

“It’s a scary piece of work, that’s what it is,” grumbled Chilton.

Will took a long and careful look at all the bodies and their arrangement. “It’s an eye,” said Will. “At first I thought it was a palette of colors but it’s an eye.”

“An eye? ” said Hannibal, smiling.

“Yes, the center is darker than the outside and it’s looking upwards to the sky as if in prayer. But there’s one thing that’s not like the others.” Will pointed to one of the bodies and said, “This one doesn’t belong.”

Hannibal clapped in appreciation. “You’re right, he was not originally planned to be of the art work. He was the goblin who conceived of this in the first place and in the end, he realized that the only way he could complete it was to join them.”

Suddenly, the floor beneath Will and his companions shook then disappeared, causing them to fall . . .

Chapter End Notes

The closest analogue for Chilton in Labyrinth is Hoggle. He's a dwarf goblin who is very cowed by Jareth the Goblin King but accompanies Sarah anyway. However, another character named Didymus rides a dog much like Chilton is doing in this fic.

Jareth seems to concentrate on snatching young babies/children when it comes to turning them into goblin. Hannibal in this verse is willing to take adults.

I think like the Devil, Hannibal fulfills his promises but doesn't mind throwing in a twist.

As for Abigail being friendless, it's not that Hannibal begrudges her any young friends. Abigail is reluctant to entrap anybody in the same situation she is in and most of the people who enter Hannibal's realm are not to her taste. Also, many potential candidates are often lost in the maze or are changed into forms she finds disquieting. She can be selfish but I don't see her as sadistic.

I think the mural killer doesn't get enough mention in fic.

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chilton scowled at the vertical tunnel of hands and arms that had poked, stroked and prodded him as they took him down to the floor. He nipped one of the hands because they were taking serious liberties with how they were touching him and they dropped him. He screamed as he fell before feeling himself being caught by a pair of two strong hands.

He looked up at his savior only to see it was Hannibal holding him in his grasp. “My liege,” said Chilton in his most frightened and obsequious tone.

“Hello, Chilton,” said Hannibal. “I want you to do a favor for me.”

“What kind of favor?”

Hannibal held out a small thermos Chilton could hide under his coat. “Give this to Will when he becomes thirsty.”

Chilton looked at it suspiciously. “It’s not poisoned, is it? I don’t want to kill anybody.”

“It’s not poisoned. Why do you suddenly care about Will's well-being?”

“He might ask me to take a swig to make sure it won’t kill him. He‘s not exactly the trusting type.”

“You can take a swallow of the tea and it will not affect you.”

“What does it do?”

“Never you mind. Just give it to him later when you get to a safe place.”

“What do I get out of it?”

“I don’t use your fur to line my gloves.”

Chilton scowled but took the thermos. Hannibal smiled, put him down on the floor and disappeared.

***

“Abigail?” said Wally as he sat next to her on a leather couch. He felt safe or as safe one could feel as the other goblins seemed respectful enough to keep their distance as long as he was sitting near her. Hannibal had disappeared and he knew nobody else in this place.

“Yes, Wally.”

“Do you know Will?”

“Does he talk about me?”

Wally shook his head. “I read a story about him and it mentioned a girl with the same name as you.”

Abigail sighed. “I can’t imagine it was very complimentary.”

“So, you’re really the Abigail?” Wally said, emphasizing the word “the.”

Abigail nodded. “What did it say?”

“It said that he killed your father because he was obsessed with you.” The article had mentioned that Will had saved her life but had also insinuated that he was been at the right place and the right time only because he had been stalking her. The article pointed at his hospitalization after her mysterious death as proof of his instability.

Abigail’s mouth went into a straight line. “The truth is that my father was killing a lot of girls, girls who looked a lot like me. I knew but I was afraid that if it wasn’t them, it would have been me and I didn’t know where to turn. Will found out and he managed to shoot my father just as he was slitting my throat. I blamed him for killing my father even as I was grateful to him for saving my life. I still loved my father even as I hated him for being obsessed with me. And my life was ruined . . . My father had killed my mother before he grabbed hold of me. I was homeless with no way to go to college or go far enough so I could start over again . . . Everybody knew about my father. One of the cops really wanted me to go to jail . . . Hannibal said he couldn‘t protect me in my previous life but he could in this one. Nobody dares say a word against me here.”

“Do you still hate Will?”

“I know now that I was wrong to push him away, that he just wanted the best for me. I just couldn’t handle the situation back then. I mean, you should know how I feel.”

“What do you mean?”

“After all, I heard that you didn’t like him much because he was interested in your mother.”

“I didn’t but now . . . I didn’t mean to bring him here. And now that I know I was wrong about him . . . I just don‘t want him to get hurt . . .”

Abigail gave him a hug. “I think Will’s going to get here just fine. You can tell him then.”

***

Will was walking down a path with Baxter, after deciding to give Winston a rest. He had waited and searched for Chilton but had been unable to find him. He guessed that Chilton had left him rather than risk Hannibal’s displeasure. While disappointed, he decided not to spend any more time thinking poorly about Chilton but to go forward without him.

He heard a rumble and a snort behind him and turned to see what appeared to be a giant bear racing towards him. He immediately poured prana into Baxter, causing him to be equal in size to the new threat. Baxter ran towards the beast, barking and snarling. The bear scratched Baxter across the back with his claws and batted him to the side.

In the meantime, Will took out a small knife and lightly scratched runes in the back of his hands. His hands were immediately covered by a pair of gauntlets. He ran up to the bear and hit his jaw with all his strength. The bear screamed in pain as his jaw bone broke into three pieces. He tried to swat Will with one of his giant paws only for Will to turn his small knife into a sword that he swung to slice the paw off.

Bleeding like a geyser and realizing he was dealing with an extremely powerful magic user, the bear tried to retreat only to have Will clout him about the temples with a fast, merciless rhythm so he became dizzy and stumbled, losing his footing.

Will put his hands on the beast and it shrank and changed until it looked like a naked, unconscious man bleeding from his ears and mouth. A golf ball sized of glowing prana energy appeared in Will's hand.

***

"Poor Randall," said Hannibal in a cool, amused tone that showed he did not feel the slightest bit sorry for the defeated were-bear. He was again watching Will's journey from afar, using a crystal ball.

Chapter End Notes

https://youtu.be/OIVIDmuJZLI This scene in Labyrinth really reminds me of the totem pole of bodies. It's like if instead of a pole, the murderer made a tunnel instead and the tunnel was alive. This video https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Dcg9ssRwpfE is a nice behind the scenes look at the shaft of hands.

The prana Will is collecting will come into play later on. Prana is not a concept found in the Labyrinth movie.

You can probably see why Wally was freaked by the article. Also, while I don't consider Abigail a particularly nurturing and comforting type, she has been pretty isolated and lonely and she feels that she and Wally have much in common.

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

He looked over to where Abigail was comforting Wally. He felt a small sliver of tenderness at the sight. Despite the fact that he had charged her with the task to keep him calm and still, he could see that she was not merely following orders but felt some sympathy for the boy though not enough to disobey Hannibal and help him escape. He considered waving them over to watch but then reconsidered. Wally already expressed distress at seeing Will encounter danger and Hannibal himself had plans for Will that would make viewing by Wally . . . inappropriate.

***

Will sighed as he sat down on a rock. He had just defeated a rather disturbing looking firefly-human hybrid by using a sling to throw stones hard enough to damage its wings and then scared off a bee woman who tried to launch several stingers of sleep at him. Is there no end to this, he thought.

"You're not going to get to the palace as long as you keep walking down that way."

Will turned to see Chilton walking towards him. "Where were you? I did look for you but . . ."

"They enjoyed playing with me too much and then they dumped me on another level," said Chilton. "Look, I'm tired and I bet you are, too."

"I can't stop. Besides, I never know when something dangerous is going to come and attack me." He was aware that he didn't have much time before Molly would wake up in the hospital and call him to pick her up and he didn't dare face her without Wally.

"You're not going to save him by being dead on your feet. I have a place that's safe to rest nearby."

Will did indeed feel horribly tired. He was also hungry and thirsty. "Ten minutes, that's it."

Will followed Chilton to a little house that was build into a little hill. He walked inside and was surprised to find that though most of the furniture was meant for someone Chilton's size, the ceiling was tall enough for him to stand. He said as much.

"I do occasionally have larger people over," said Chilton. "Not often but enough."

Will sat on the living room floor.

Chilton went into the kitchen and came out with two small glasses of tea. Chilton took a sip from his cup and proffered the other to Will. "It's tea."

"You know, you've been the closest thing to a friend I've had since I got here."

"I think I'm the only one you haven't tried to kill since you got here," Chilton remarked drily.

Will took the glass and took a small sip. The scent and taste reminded him of peaches, fully ripe and dripping with sweetness. "It's delicious," he said after taking another swallow before closing his eyes and falling unto the carpet.

***

When Will opened his eyes, he found himself dressed in a perfectly fitted tuxedo with mother of pearl cuff links. His mind felt foggy as he couldn't recall how he got there or who had invited him to this ballroom full of costumed dancers, whose faces were obscured by masks. He looked around but could not find an exit. There wasn't even a corner that he could easily retreat to as the other dancers gawked at the newcomer. He walked past the dancers, hoping for a familiar face that would make him feel more at ease.

In the distance, there was a well-dressed man standing by himself with a strange black mask which looked like a black stag with horns. The man put down his mask and Will felt like he had seen his angular face before. He knew that this was someone he had been wanting to see for a long time even if his name escaped his mind at the moment.

The man approached him and the dancers seem to part before him. "Let's dance," said the man, holding out his hand.

Will took his hand and they ended up waltzing. "I don't remember your name."

"First, tell me yours."

"It's Will."

"I am Hannibal."

"I don't remember when we've met."

"It's not important. What's important is that we enjoy this dance."

"I'm not very good," said Will.

"On the contrary, I love your dancing."

"I don't know how long I can stay."

"Stay as long as you like. I'll make any excuses for your tardiness."

"I . . ." Will was interrupted by Hannibal sealing his lips with a kiss. He felt all strange and light-headed. "We'll end up bumping into the other dancers if we're not careful."

"They'll make way." Hannibal smiled a small but genuine smile and the expression in his eyes was soft and warm.

One song ended and another began. "May I?" said Hannibal.

"Won't the other dancers be jealous if I monopolize your dance card?" said Will.

"I dance with who I please," said Hannibal as they began to dance to another slow song. "I have been wanting to dance with you for a long time."

"How do we know each other?"

"We met a long time ago. I . . . didn't realize I'd miss you until you were gone and then you were gone for a very long time. I don't want to make the same mistake twice . . ."

"Will!" said a voice that was not Hannibal. It was low but clear. "Will! Are you all right?"

"Someone is calling my name," said Will.

Hannibal frowned. "I don't hear anything."

Will turned and saw a clock whose hands pointed to midnight. He remembered he had to do something, something terribly important. "I have to leave the party early. I'm sorry." Will stepped away from Hannibal and turned to run.

Will looked but could not find an open door leading outside. He noticed that the dancers were now looking at him and were slowly making their way towards him, their arms outstretched as if to keep him at the party. He saw a locked glass door, picked up a chair and threw it at the door. His breaking it caused everything to explode outwards.

***
Will woke up. Chilton was looking down at him. "What happened?" said Will.
"
You fell asleep. You were down so deep I was afraid I wouldn't be able to wake you. I was screaming in your ear and pounding you with my fists."

"I'm awake now. I wasn't out long, was I?"

"Half an hour."

"Oh, no. We need to go now!"

Chapter End Notes

The dance scene is based on this part of the Labyrinth movie where Sarah is tricked into eating a peach and hallucinated she's dancing with the Goblin King.
https://youtu.be/VppuD1St8Ec

The firefly man is a riff on Chiyoh's prisoner that Will turned into an artwork. The bee lady is of course the acupuncturist who turned people into bee hives.

Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"It seems like everybody is staying away from us," said Will as they walked through a field. In the distance was the train station. He noticed that all the goblins were keeping their distance and hiding from them. He mentioned this to Chilton.

"They're afraid of you," said Chilton pointedly. He was again riding on Winston because he didn't want to tire himself running to keep up with Will. "I can hear their chatter from here. You defeated a were-bear, a centaur and a flying bug man. Only a madman would want to face you now. I really don't know why so many goblins are attacking you. I can't say this kingdom is a safe place but . . ."

Will heard someone yell, "Will! Will!"

They turned to see a blond woman in the distance running towards them. "Molly?" said Will.

"I woke up and I don't know where I am. Is Wally with you?" she said.

Will was about to run towards her when Winston growled at her. Will stopped in his tracks. Winston loved Molly and Wally. He would never growl at either of them.

"For God's sake, Will, help me! I feel sick."

"You're not Molly Foster. Stop where you are." Will pulled out his knife.

"Why are you doing this?" she yelled.

As she kept coming towards them, Winston burst into a run with Chilton clinging to his back, screaming. Winston headbutted her right in the gut. She went sent flying and landed on her back. She stayed still for a few seconds before she changed into the form of someone else. "Are you going to kill me again, Will?" said the very image of Garret Jacob Hobbs, Abigail's father as he got to his feet.

"You're not her father," said Will. He was secretly glad that the attacker changed into the form of someone other than Molly.

The man wearing Garret's face stood up and pulled out a machete.

"Stay back, Winston, I'm going to take care of this," said Will as he turned his small knife into a sword.

He swung his machete at Will. Will blocked the swing with his sword. Garrett stepped back and tried to stab Will's side only for Will to dodge his thrust. Will's sword sliced deep into Garrett's right thigh and he began bleeding profusely. Will kept his distance from him, forcing

him to chase after him, making him bleed even more. After a few minutes, Garrett toppled over from loss of blood.

After Will took his prana from him, the man on the ground was not the specter of Garrett Jacob Hobbs but a bearded man with a lost and confused expression on his face.

Chilton spat at the prone man.

Will raised an eyebrow.

Chilton stared back at Will. "I have my reasons."

***

They finally arrived at the train station where a short train was at the station. There was a woman with short black hair dressed in a conductor's uniform standing next to the door to the passenger compartment. On her jacket was a badge that had the name Chiyoh. Will said, "Where does this train go?"

"The destination of the train is the palace. However, passage is not free."

"How much do a pair of tickets cost?" said Will.

"Ten pieces of gold or a hundred pieces of silver."

Will turned to Chilton. Chilton said, "What are you looking at me for? I don't have that kind of money."

"Do you accept anything else?' said Will.

"The train runs on prana. That is also acceptable."

Will gave her the small ball of prana he had taken from Clark.

She sniffed. "That is barely enough to warm up the engine."

Will sighed and dug into his pocket and gave her the balls of prana from Randall and the bugman.

"If you want your weasel friend to ride as well, I need more," she said.

Will handed her the prana from Gideon. "Either this will do or we both go hiking instead."

"Welcome aboard," she said.

Will and Chilton got on board and found themselves in a first class compartment. They sat down on the cushioned seats and lifted the blinds to the windows.

"It's a good thing you had enough prana," said Chilton.

"It's not a coincidence," said Will.

"What do you mean?"

"I think he sent all those goblins after me as a test and as a way to pay for the train ride. He wanted to make sure I'd have enough for the fare."

Chilton frowned. "I'm surprised that he didn't want you to drain all your prana to get to where he is."

"I can only guess that he doesn't want to face me without my powers. His sense of pride is boundless. How can one be proud of defeating an opponent that way?"

Chilton rolled his eyes. "I don't get this honor nonsense. He should have just bought you a ticket."

"He's not that type of person."

***

Hannibal turned from his crystal ball. "It is time. We must prepare for his arrival. Everybody must get ready."

Wally turned to Abigail. "What kind of preparations is he talking about?"

"You'll see."

Wally looked at her face and saw that Abigail looked quite calm and pleased. He could only hope it wasn't something bad.

***

The countryside Chilton and Will saw from their window went from a sunlit countryside to a late autumn landscape obscured by fog. Meanwhile, Chilton cheerfully had a cup of tea and two sandwiches he had bought from a passing trolley. Will, however, abstained, fearing that whatever he tasted would send him into another deep sleep that he might not be able to awaken from. He also was afraid of having another dream like the one Chilton had awakened him from.

The conductor opened the door to their compartment. "Will Graham, I need to talk to you alone. Your weasel friend can go in the next compartment."

"I don't mind if he listens."

"I mind. Weasel, get out."

Chilton huffed but took his food and left the compartment.

The conductor shut the door after him then sat opposite Will. "Why are you going to the palace?"

Chapter End Notes

The shape shifter is Gideon. In the series, he was accused of being the Chesapeake Ripper, which he wasn't. Will then hallucinated him to be Garret Jacob Hobbs. He also seemed to have lost his sense of self so it seemed fitting that this would be his superpower.

As for why Will doesn't use his dogs every time, he's conserving his prana for his confrontation with Hannibal. If he can defeat his opponents using mostly combat skills, he will.

https://youtu.be/_hnYKTys8rU This music would never make it unto the series but I just like its name: Last Train to Trancentral.

Chapter 8

"Are you challenging me to a fight?" said Will. He wondered if he could use prana to take control of the train if he had to or just have his dogs run into the engine room to sabotage the controls. There was little room to fight in the train compartment itself and he had no idea what kind of weapons or powers she had.

"No, my king would not want me to delay your arrival. He has wanted to see you for a long time. And I know that you have wanted to see him just as long but for different reasons."

Will shook his head. "I didn't come here for him. After almost two decades, I had given up on ever finding my way back. I came here to rescue Wally . . . even if it means that I have to fight Hannibal."

"You think you can defeat him?"

"I'm willing to die trying."

"So, all you have to offer him is violence." Chiyoh looked disgusted.

"You don't think that's what he has in store for me when I get there? The last time I was here, he gave me quite the souvenir." He put his hand over the part of his belly that had the scar.

"He has a very different offer in mind."

"What kind of offer?"

"It's true he does not usually want anybody to leave his kingdom but he might not mind if someone he values more was offered as a replacement."

"You want me to exchange myself for Wally."

Chiyoh shrugged her shoulders. "It's not what I want. It's what he wants."

"Why does he want me?"

Chiyoh briefly had an incredulous expression on her face before reverting back to her usual impassiveness. "I forget that you have not been here for the past two decades. He has often mentioned that the second he cast you out of the kingdom he regretted it. Nobody since then has impressed him as much as you have. Unfortunately, the spell he used made it impossible for you to return or for him to call you back. He had to wait for someone near where you were to call upon him so he could open the kingdom to you again. His previous offer for you to be consort . . . It still stands."

He had never written down or confessed the true nature of Hannibal's offer to anyone at home, so it surprised him to hear anybody else talk about it. "And all those goblins who tried to kill me?"

Chiyoh shrugged. "They were all your rivals for the seat next to the throne. You have defeated them all, nobody will be coming after you now. You are the important one to him. Letting the boy go would be a small price to pay for you to stay voluntarily."

"How do I know what you're saying is true?"

"If it were not true, I would have attacked you already." With that, she walked out of the compartment.

***

After the train stopped, Chiyoh all but shoved them off the train before slamming the door shut. After watching the train move away from them, Will and Chilton walked towards the forbidding palace made of stone. The door to the palace was open and unguarded with light pouring out of the entrance. Chilton felt suspicious. "They knew you were coming."

"Of course, they did," said Will. "I better go in alone."

"Are you sure?"

"You're not saying that you want to help me fight him, are you?"

Chilton's silence was his answer. He should have felt more shame at feeling afraid but he almost never did and wasn't starting now.

"I thought not."

"Maybe you should just not go in. It's not like it's going to help him if you're dead."

Will gave Chilton a look. "Doing nothing doesn't help him either. I might as well turn you human now."

"Now?"

"I might not be alive later."

"Oh, right."

Will took a small ball of prana and tossed it to Chilton, who raised his hands to catch it.

The small ball disappeared as it touched Chilton's hands and in a flash, a dark-haired man stood where the weasel had stood. "I'm back to normal!" he said, almost doing a little dance of happiness before stopping himself out of embarrassment.

Will smiled at how obviously happy the man was. "Take care of yourself," said Will, raising a hand to say goodbye before turning back to the palace. He summoned his dogs to walk with him just before he stepped over the threshold.

As Will entered the palace, Chilton realized he didn't have money for a ticket back home and he didn't even have a dog to ride. "Damn it!" he snapped.

***

Despite what Chiyoh told him, Will was surprised to see the halls decorated as if for a fete instead of a battle. The torches were lit and vases full of fresh flowers lined the walls. There was no move by anyone to confront or attack him. There was the sound of classical music playing in the background. He followed the music to what appeared to be an enormous ballroom. The main chandelier was lit by what seemed to be a thousand candles and a long dining table was already set with fine china and silverware. People dressed in finery were standing as if waiting. The second he walked into the room, a hundred courtiers turned, bowed and curtsied towards him with military precision. They then parted to make way for their king to walk towards Will.

"Welcome home," said Hannibal, dressed in a tuxedo.

Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Where's Wally?" Will said.

"He's right here," said Abigail, leading Wally into the room by the hand. She had her hair up and was dressed in a pale blue ballgown. Wally was still in the same clothes he had been when he was whisked away from home.

"Abigail? Wally?" said Will.

"Will!" cried Wally.

"I'm going to get you home, Wally," said Will. He turned to Hannibal. "It's a bit early to celebrate winning a duel." He had spent so many years assuming that the next time he saw Hannibal either he or Hannibal would end up dead . . . He could scarcely dream of any other way it could possibly end.

"Duel?" said Hannibal, pouting. "There will be no duel unless you absolutely wish it."

"I've come to take Wally back home. Are you saying you're not going to stop me?"

Hannibal smiled. "I'm saying that I want to celebrate your return and your triumph over those who wanted to prevent your arrival. Every goblin in the kingdom know of your feats. None of them will challenge you now. I have had a hundred dishes made. I'm sure that one will suit your tastes." A giant rare meat roast in the shape of an anatomically correct heart was carried into the room on a tripod of stainless steel spits.

"I have to take Wally home," said Will.

"He's ready to go," said Abigail.

"Don't you want him here, Abigail?" said Hannibal as he turned to her with a frown on his face.

Abigail hesitated before she said, "He's a sweet boy but he's too young and he has a mother back home. He still has a life there. He's not like me." She turned to Will. "I never wanted to go home, Will. The cops were going to arrest me and charge me with being an accessory. They were threatening me with life in prison. If the cops couldn't make things stick, there were reporters snooping about trying to make a book off me. And I'm not like everybody else. I'm happier here than I could have been otherwise. This is my home and it could be yours."

Hannibal said, "Even though I couldn't use my magic to summon you, I asked all my new subjects about you. I know that you have been striving to return, busy increasing your powers to rival that of Merlin and sailing around the world looking for magic and spells to defeat me.

I also know that because of your pursuit, you have been reclusive and friendless these past years. Even this boy here did not recognize your worth and was too easily led to believe the worst about you. He would've easily put his mother off you with a few words. It took seeing you fight for him to believe in you."

Wally started to cry.

"What is it you want, Hannibal?" said Will.

Hannibal slowly made his way to Will and took his hands in his. "I want you to stay. I have suffered twenty years because of my error and I can not bear one more day without you. Stay with me and Abigail. Let us talk about teacups, time and the law of disorders. Let us sit near a fire and drink glasses of the finest wine together. What I offer is a family, a real family with people who don't care that you're different. You won't be exiled from the world. We can go anywhere you please once you accept our offer. Florence, Buenos Aires, Paris . . ." He then produced a crystal ball and showed Will a vision of what he had described: Hannibal, Will and Abigail walking along the street, each walking a dog and carrying a shopping bag down the streets of Paris, then Hannibal and Will sitting next to each other with Hannibal's arm around his shoulders as they admired a painting from the Renaissance.

Will said, "I want to talk to Wally alone for a minute. I want to make sure he's OK first."

"Of course." Hannibal stepped away from Will then waved for Abigail to step back and give them a small private space.

Will magically caused a leash to appear and put it around Winston's neck. As he walked the dog over to Wally, he was very aware of how many goblins surrounded them. While he felt that he could trust Hannibal not to cheat during a duel, he wondered, if he won, if he would become the Goblin King in his place or whether it would become a violent free-for-all with the goblins fighting for the throne with a high potential for collateral damage. Once he stood in front of Wally, he said, "You're OK?"

Wally nodded.

"What I want you to do is to hold on to this leash as if your life depends on it because it does. He's going to make sure you get home safe and sound and he'll make sure that you are never taken here again. You got that?" Will said this in a low voice as he held out the leash.

Wally nodded and took hold of it. "What about you?"

"Never mind about me."

Will walked back to Hannibal. "If you want me to stay, I have some conditions that are non-negotiable."

"I'm listening."

"NO!" yelled Wally. He was about to run to Will only to find that the leash had tightened itself around his wrist and he couldn't pull Winston towards Will.

"I want Wally to go home with Winston. I want Wally and his mother to never be troubled by you or anybody else or anything else in this kingdom from now on. And I want him to be sent away once I've listed all my conditions."

"Agreed. However, you don't have to give away Winston. I do keep my promises."

"I like being sure. But that's not all . . . You can't send any more goblins after me no matter how angry you are."

"As much as I enjoyed you dispatching them, I did not send them. But yes, I will promise that I will neither send any subject of my kingdom after you nor tolerate any of them going after you without my knowledge. If I plan to discipline you, I shall do it myself."

"Is that really Abigail? I need to know the truth."

"Yes, it's really her, not some goblin I convinced to look like her."

With a little prompting from Will, Baxter padded up to her and sniffed her, checking for any deception. He went back to Will with his tail wagging, a clear sign that she was who she said she was.

Hannibal continued, "I have a few conditions of my own. I shall make it so nobody has reason to search for you or wonder about your disappearance. I want you to feast with me tonight. Also, I want to seal our bargain with a kiss."

"Just a kiss, nothing involving magic," said Will.

"Yes."

"And there's nothing magic about the food or the drink or the china or the silverware or the tablecloth?"

"Only the preparation, not the content."

"What else do you have in store for me?"

"A lot of it depends on what you do from now on. Do we have an agreement?"

"I'm not giving up the rest of my dogs or the right to defend myself."

"I would not expect you to."

"Then yes."

Hannibal put Will's face between his hands and gazed at him. "If I saw you everyday forever, I would remember this moment," he said before pressing his lips unto Will's, who closed his eyes and put his hands on his shoulders.

Wally let out a yell when he saw horns burst from the back of Hannibal's head then everything went black for him.

***

"Wally? Wally?"

Wally opened his eyes to find his mother sitting next to his bed in his bedroom. "Mom?" He was going to think it all a dream and talk to her about it when he noticed she was crying. "What's wrong?"

"Will was coming to pick me up at the hospital but he arrived there in an ambulance. He had the right of way but a truck, a big one, plowed into him on the driver's side. He's . . ."

"Dead?" said Wally.

Molly nodded. "I'm so glad he let you sleep in. Otherwise . . ." She couldn't finish her thought and hugged him close.

Winston ran into the room and put his paws on the bed.

"How did he get in here?" said Molly.

"Will had him over. Winston has nowhere else to go now," said Wally. "Can he stay?"

"Oh, you know me. When could I ever say no to a stray?" she said. "Let's check on the other dogs."

However, when they went to Will's house, all the other dogs were gone.

The End

Chapter End Notes

I did consider having Francis as a red dragon with Will using the train as a weapon but that struck me as too fanciful. Also, I didn't want Will to turn up too wounded/too prana depleted.

Hannibal created a fake!Will corpse indistinguishable from the real thing so there wouldn't be conspiracy theories and what not making people wonder where Will is. Also, it keeps attention off Wally and Molly, something that would worry Will.

During the funeral, Jack of course would ask the Fosters if they know where Will's book notes and drafts are. Because he is Jack.

Hannibal could have conjured a spell that would make a goblin look like Will but nothing satisfies like the real thing.

End Notes

As Sarah is reading a book about the Goblin King in the very beginning of the movie, I thought it would be interesting to have the parallel of there being a book about the Goblin King being read in the beginning. Yes, poor Wally will be the kidnapped child to be used as bait to force Will into Hannibal's maze.

In this universe, Will was never a profiler and Jack was never part of the FBI.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!